

## SARATOGA.

The Woman Who Monopolizes Four Chairs, and Other Characters Encountered There.

How Fashions Shift in the Matter of Drinking the Curative Waters.

SARATOGA, July 1, 1888.

This resort has one feature singular to itself among the large American summer resorts, and that is its mineral water. Without these medicinal springs Saratoga would never have been built. But if they were to cease flowing Saratoga might easily continue a fashionable summer place, because not one in a hundred cares anything about them. Nevertheless, invalids are a conspicuous element in the transient population, partly by their considerable numbers, but more than that because one must find decrepit individual catches your eye quicker than an altogether presentable multitude. Here go a couple consisting of a robust, shapely young woman, the very personification of vim, and a middle-aged man from whom all these physical qualities seem to have departed. Very likely he is her father, for their figures are sufficiently alike for that relationship, but he totters in his walk while she steps off vigorously, and he steadies himself with his hand upon her

her own hands, and thus transfers to the hands of her dupe.

The pleasantly natural sight at a spring is the common one of a couple in courtship, who clink their glasses of salty or sulphurous beverage as though it were champagne, and as to whom no great gift of prophecy is requisite in the prediction of



wedlock. The young couple couple themselves here thoughtlessly enough in the ball-rooms at midnight, but when they get together at six o'clock a. m., to drink mineral water together at a spring, it generally means matrimony.

Saratoga used to be a city with far too much unattractive brick work. There was a scantiness of rural aspect, and tourists in quest of foliage to shade their saunterings on green grass were disappointed. There has been a transformation in this respect, and, while a portion of Saratoga is thoroughly civilized, miles of streets are now lined by trees, picturesque cottages are numerous, and two parks are wonderfully handsome. Hardly anywhere can be found a more exquisitely artificial piece of nature than Congress Park, every square foot of which has been done over by man in an idealization of nature. The other park is beautiful in a somewhat less careful and yet extremely expensive manner. It comprises the grounds of Henry Hilton's summer residence, and is called Woodlawn Park. Admission is given to both pedestrians and vehicles on pleasant week days, and Hilton here demonstrates his ability to be public-spirited in expending some of his income from the litigated Stewart estate. He is now the wealthiest summer resident of Saratoga.

The Vanderbilts have abandoned Saratoga since the death of William H., who used to occupy a considerable section of the largest hotel here. He was opposed to the boisterous and concern of housekeeping in summer, although his wealth rendered it feasible to delegate all the responsibility to able hirelings. Therefore he availed himself of the best service of a great and well-appointed

arm. It is early in the morning, and they are going to one of the springs, where he will drink in the hope of relief from his gout, rheumatism, or whatever else it may be that ails him. The early morning hours at the different favorite springs are interesting, pleasantly and otherwise. Most of the belles and beaux who have come to Saratoga for diversion only, are still abed and asleep; but there is a contingent of healthy early risers, who wander from their hotels and cottages to the spring-houses and parks, and quaff the waters as an incidental beverage. Sadly contrasted with these are wan, lame and dying people, just able to get about and using the mineral water to faith in the curative value of the waters by means of the wondrous stories concerning them. Occasionally a vehicle, may be a fine carriage, but more likely a ransacked stage, will bring completely disabled invalids.

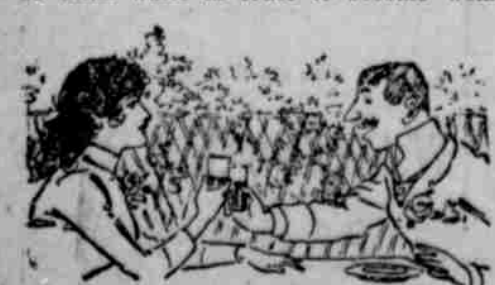
Beyond doubt there is great medicinal potency in the Saratoga springs, but this quality is easy to abuse. Hardly two of all these natural fountains of mineral water are alike in ingredients, and the drinker, if intent on getting physical benefit, must find out from a physician which spring he should resort to. This advice it only applicable to white folks, however, because negroes are only welcome at one spring out of the many. Therefore, colored people must be content with that particular mixture of minerals, or else buy other water in bottles.

Of course, there are shifting fashions in the matter of drinking Saratoga waters.



and the spring in vogue one season is under comparative taboo the next. It is a belief among the fast young fellows this summer that one particular spring is a quick freshener on the morning after an all-night spree, and so the first glimpses of daylight are apt to reveal advanced phases of inebriety at that place. The morning I saw a bloated and rumpled duke accompanied there by an altogether slightly and self-possessed young woman. He clutched feebly at the loose ends of a coat which hung from her waist, and was a perfect specimen of invertebrate intoxication. The girl dealt firmly with him, however, prescribing the number of glasses for him to drink, enforcing the desired slowness in sipping them, and at length taking him away in a considerably improved condition.

The Indians of this region used to regard the springs as Manitou's special prescriptions for their benefit, and they commonly drank the medicine with accompaniments of superstitious ceremony. Not all of the present visitors are altogether free from the same sort of feeling, and that is why a fortune-teller is doing pretty well here this season. She has pitched her tent in a grove devoted to miscellaneous catapenny devices. She is an Indian hag, and belongs to a party of Canadian red people who make and sell bead-work and baskets; but her uncommon negroes quail her for rising from mercantile to professional life, and so she has set up as a witch. She has somehow gained a reputation for more than human insight into the ailments of her patients, and she tells them from which spring to drink water in order to become well.



Women intelligent enough to know better than to rely upon her advice, but rich enough not to mind the fifty-cent fee which she feels them out of, resort in numbers to her tent. They will tell you that she must be superhuman, because after she holds their hands a few minutes, in the process of reading the lines on their palms, they feel a tingling, burning sensation. I have seen them pretty definitely that this is a clever bit of trickery, and is caused by some peppery substance with which she first covers

that an enterprising firm of publishers had employed an able writer to join the excursion with a view to describing the great researcher's personal participation in the tour, recording his characteristic sayings and doings, and out of this material make a book with a title something like "Talmage Abroad." It was calculated that the extensive popularity of Talmage would make a very remunerative sale for such a volume. But Talmage had no idea of letting his individuality be thus coined into money for somebody else's pockets. Rather than submit to it, he preferred to forego the contemplated outing in Europe.

Of all the arriving tourists, none are more easily identified, nor more enjoyably watched, than the bridal couples. No matter how much they disseminate their honeymoon sentiments, nor how successfully they put on a manner of cool unconcern, they are to be detected at a glance. The sketch given herewith is sufficient explanation. The bride is usually self-possessed, and it is the bridegroom who, in the language of slang, "gives the snap away." As newly married couples abound at Saratoga, a considerable share of amusement in a hotel consists in the observation of them.

**The Hall Cup.**  
The Hall championship cup is one of the handsomest trophies ever offered for proficiency in base-ball. It is offered by Thomas H. Hall, of New York, and was made by Tiffany & Co., the famous jewelers. The cup weighs



104½ ounces, and is of solid silver, lined with gold. The winning teams of the American Association and National League are to play a series of games for it at the close of the regular season, and it will become the absolute property of the club that wins the majority of games.

**The Subsidence of Mountains.**

According to *La Gazette Geographique*, the Cordilleras of the Andes are gradually sinking. In 1745 the city of Quito was 9,596 feet above the sea level; in 1803 it was only 9,579; in 1831, 9,567; and scarcely 9,520 in 1867. This amounts to a lowering of seventy-six feet in 122 years, or at the rate of about seven and one-half inches per annum. We are also told that the farm of Antisana has sunk 165 feet in sixty-four years, or more than two and one-half feet per annum. This is the highest inhabited spot on the Andes, about 4,000 feet higher than Quito, the highest city on the globe. The peak of Pichincha was, according to the same authority, 218 feet lower in 1867 than in 1745, a sinking of nearly two feet per annum. Assuming the accuracy of these figures, they present a curious geological problem, especially as there is no record of a corresponding change at sea level or at the foot of these same mountains, which descend rather steeply to the Pacific. If the plasticity or viscosity of the earth's crust be such as I have contended in this magazine, it follows almost of necessity that such a mass of mountain land as that in this region of Quito and Chimborazo must be squeezing itself downward into the substrata of the Himalayas, the concentration of elevation in a given area, or, otherwise stated, the mass standing above sea level in proportion to the base on which it stands, is greater than can be found in any other part of the world, and its downthrust is similarly pre-eminence. Such down-squeezing and sinking must be accompanied with corresponding lateral thrust, or elbowing, that should produce earthquake disturbances on every side. The facts fully satisfy this requirement of the theory, as the country all around the region in question is the very fatherland of terrible earthquakes.

**Peculiar Business Methods.**

It is a peculiarity of the Indian of Ecuador that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade anywhere but in the market-place, in the spot where he and his forefathers have sold "garden-truck" for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet armies of Indians bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies upon their backs, they can purchase nothing from them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles and dispose of them for less than he was offered for them at home. We met one day an old woman trudging along with a heavy basket of pineapples and other fruits, and tried to relieve her of part of her load, offering ten cents for pineapples which could be obtained for a quartillo (two and a half cents) in market. She was polite, but firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her.—*Wm. E. Curtis, in the American Magazine.*

**MISS JENNIE FLOOD**, of San Francisco, has \$5,000,000 in her own name. She naturally feels "independent like," and is in no hurry to divide with a husband.

## HUNTING THE TIGER.

Exciting Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes in the Jungles of India.

Punching a Tiger's Nose with a Walking Stick and Frightening the Beast Into a Retreat.

How a Little Dog Came to the Rescue and Saved His Imperiled Master's Life.



N East Indian tales of this exciting adventure with a tiger, in which a little dog came to the rescue and saved his master's life: "I was going through the jungle, when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underbrush, and the next instant an enormous tiger presented himself before me, and I immediately raised my rifle and fired twice, but, as ill-luck would have it, neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly, as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face, 'It's all up with me now.' But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue. He bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned around to seize his new adversary. But Mungo was sharp and wary, and off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. In fact, it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog. I knew that the tiger, disappointed in seizing Mungo, would soon return to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood waiting. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I leveled my gun as well as I could, con-

sidering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding to me, looking into my face, and whining with joy at seeing me safe."



When there was a Great American Desert where now are populous States, it was not unusual for an adventurer to be lost on the prairie and die a miserable death from walking in a circle



until weariness made him drop. Those days are past now, but there are parts of the world where these awful mishaps frequently occur. A traveler in Burmah one afternoon started off for a little sport, taking his Winchester rifle and his Madrassee servant to carry his cartridge-belt. He soon discovered the footprints of a tiger in the moist soil, and very incautiously entered the elephant grass, which grows to ten or twelve feet in height. "I followed the trail," said he, "for about half an hour without any result, and then, thinking it time to return, I retraced my steps, as I thought, until, to my surprise and horror, I came upon the footprints of a person wearing boots, and going the same way! I knew that the footprints were my own, and that I had been going in a circular direction and was lost in the grass. There was no means of elevating myself above the grass and ascertaining my whereabouts, and although I fired several shots in rapid succession I knew my people, on hearing them, would think I was simply shooting at game. My Madrassee boy was worse than useless, falling flat on the ground and howling out prayers to his Hindoo gods. I kicked him once or twice to relieve my feelings, and then started off on a weary tramp, firing my rifle at intervals. Finally I gave up in despair, and sank on the ground and thought of the tale I had heard of British soldiers wandering away from the barracks and never heard of again until some hunter would come across a tattered uniform and a few bones. Just as I had resigned myself to the same horrible fate, I heard a dog bark. I rose in an instant, and ran toward the sound, and within fifty yards came upon a native house. The Burman and his family were most polite, and within an hour I was piloted to my boat. You may be sure I paid him well, and I did not forget the

There is perhaps a much difference among birds as among human beings. Some are wise, and some are foolish. A Scotch observer furnishes two illustrations of this. He was accustomed to scatter bread crumbs and other table scraps about the door in cold weather for the benefit of the blackbirds, thrushes, and other like visitors.

A large, feather-legged, Cochinchina cock sometimes found its way to the parlor window as we were feeding our wild bird pensioners. When we threw out a plateful of crumbs and scraps all the other birds gobbled up their food very fast by going shrewdly and sensibly to work, each selecting bit after bit of a suitable size, to be instantly swallowed with little or no trouble; wrens, finches, and thrushes taking only such bits as they very plainly judged were suitable to their individual power of deglutition.

It was amusing, however, to see the stupidity of the Cochinchina. He greedily pounced upon some big piece, so big that he could not swallow it, and rather than let it drop in order to pick up some more sizable bit, he invariably stuck to it, like a fool as he was, and so, and will be to the end of the chapter.

He would strain and strive to swallow it till you feared he would choke himself, all the time walking about in the snow with uncertain steps, his eyes starting out of his head.

The idea never once occurred to the stupid Cochinchina that, by taking smaller and more manageable bits, he would be much the gainer in the long run; for when, after terrible exertions, the bit in his throat had at last become compressed and lubricated enough to be swallowed outright, there was no more for him.

The wiser wild birds had finished it all up, even to the last crumb, and the Cochinchina had to stalk about in the snow, looking very disconsolate and foolish, and yet manifestly unable to see wherein his foolishness lay, for the next time he got a chance he behaved in precisely the same senseless manner.

One of the human footprints found in volcanic rock in Nicaragua, several years ago, is described by Dr. D. G. Britton as being 9½ inches long, 3 inches wide at the heel, and 4½ at the toes. The apparent length of the foot itself is eight inches. Dr. Britton considers the footprints genuine, but is uncertain whether they are so ancient as has been supposed.

yelping dog to whom I really owed my life, although the Madrassee boy declared that his deity had made the dog bark."

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in Hindoo tiger hunts. An amusing example of the former is given by a traveler. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of his hind legs was broken it made its way into a patch of high grass and hid there. Guided by the blood, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the wheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being." The wheel dashed to the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the wheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage."

As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or ever will be committed.

Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of a tiger, and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. Sometimes the tragic element prevails. In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down, and was seen to creep into a ravine. The hunters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by the wound. Unfortunately, these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from its refuge, and one of them, having taken too large a dose, refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid, the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball. The terrible effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher, the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrible strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was two feet seven inches. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. I have not had the opportunity of dissecting a tiger, but I have helped to dissect a lion, which is possessed of similar powers, and was struck with wonder at the tremendous development of the muscles of the forelegs.

**Too Greedy.**

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A GEORGIA minister made a sensation by preaching his own funeral sermon.